

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

Department of Music

Faculty Recital

MARGARET THUENEMANN, Mezzo Soprano



GEORGE MANN, Pianist

Sunday, June 3, 1973

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

Pizetti I Pastori
(1880-)

II

Mahler Lieder aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn"
(1860-1911) (To Be Sung Without Interruption)
Rheinlegendchen
Der Schildwache Nachtlid
Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht
Ablösung im Sommer
Trost im Unglück
Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
Das irdische Leben
Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt
Urlicht

III

Debussy Chansons de Bilitis
(1862-1918) (To Be Sung Without Interruption)
La Flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau des Naïades

IV

Ives Evening
(1874-1954) On the Counter
The Side Show
Berceuse
A Christmas Carol
Memories

PROGRAM NOTES
Thuenemann-Mann Recital
Sunday, June 3, 1973

I

I PASTORI (The Shepherds) -----Pizzetti

The Italian neo-romantic composer Ildebrando Pizzetti, born in Parma in 1880, grew up under the spell of the fiery poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio. In 1908 Pizzetti set "I PASTORI" from d'Annunzio's SOGNI DI TERRE LONTANE".

September... let us go... it is time to migrate. Now in the land of Abruzzi, my shepherds wander towards the sea, descending to the savage Adriatic whose green waters are like mountain meadows... they drink deeply of the native waters... and fashion staffs from the hazel nut trees... Wandering down the old trails which are like silent grassy streams, they follow the paths of their ancient fathers... O voice of he who first knew the trembling of the sea! Now along the seaside walk the flocks... the air is without movement... the sun tints the living wool so it is not different from the sand... soft tramping of feet... sweet memories... Ah, why am I not like my shepherds?

II

Des Knaben Wunderhorn (The Youth's Magic Horn) -----Mahler

These songs were composed between the years 1888-1890 when Mahler was in his late twenties. The words were taken from "The Youth's Magic Horn" ("Des Knaben Wunderhorn"), a famous collection (made by Arnim and Brentano) of German folk verse, for which he had a marked predilection. There are many movements in his symphonies which convey an atmosphere similar to these fanciful yet deeply felt poems. Thus, the music of two of the songs appears in the second symphony: "St. Anthony and the Fishes" ("Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt") is developed into a full size symphonic movement constituting a purely instrumental "Scherzo"; "Primeval Light" ("Urlicht") as a contralto solo, forms the penultimate movement in which context the song was originally conceived.

1. Rheinlegendchen (Rhine Legend)-

I reap by the Neckar, I reap by the Rhine.
One day I've a sweetheart, the next I'm alone.
What good is a sickle that cuts not the corn?
What good is a sweetheart who leaves me forlorn?

If I by the river a-reaping must go.
Far into the water my ring I will throw.
The tides of the river are flowing and free,
And so my gold ring will drift down to the sea.

The ring, as it floats there, is gulped by a fish,
And served to the king as a right royal dish.
"And whose is this trinket, that brightly doth shine?"
My sweetheart will answer: "My Lord, it is mine."

Over hill, over hollow, my sweetheart will ride
And bring back the ring that I cast in the tide.
By Neckar and Rhine thou a-reaping mayst go
If into their waters thy ring thou wilt throw.

2. Der Schildwache Nachtlied (Sentinel's Night Song)-

I cannot cheer my heavy heart.
While other men are sleeping,
My watch I'm keeping
Full sad at heart.

Beloved, thou shouldst not sigh and mourn.
Mid summer flowers, we'll count the hours,
In meadows green.

To meadows green I cannot come.
Mid lances springing
And armour ringing
There must I stand.

If thou must fight, then help thee God;
His benediction is man's protection.
Believe who will.

Believe who will--it helps me not.
The King is mighty; he is the ruler.
He wages war.
Halt, who goes there?
Turn! Do not approach!

Who sang so soft, enchanting me?
Alas, sad sentinel,
Strong is the midnight spell!
Midnight spell! Sentinel

3. Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht (Far Over the Hill)-

Far over the hill in a house so high,
A maiden looks out on mountain and sky.
Her home is far distant.
A farmer's daughter fair is she.
She lives in the grass-green valley.

My heart's in distress!
Come, sweet, make redress!
Your eyes are at fault, then,
Their treason confess.

Your mouth brings again
Sweet balm to my pain,
Makes youth end its sighing,
Brings life to the dying,
And healing to pain.

And who can have thought of these verses, I pray?
Three geese brought them over the water, they say,
A white and two gray ones, a white and two gray ones--
And if you can't learn this song at leisure
They'll whistle it over in measure.

4. Abloesung im Sommer (Relief in Summer)-

Cuckoo has fallen to his death, to his death,
By a green willow! Willow! Willow!
Cuckoo is dead! Cuckoo is dead!
Has fallen to his death!

Then who shall all the summer long
Help us pass time and boredom? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Well! That Dame Nightingale shall do!
She's sitting on a green branch!
The tiny, fine nightingale!
She sings and flits, is always gay,
When other birds are silent!

4. (cont)

We'll wait for Dame Nightingale
Who lives in the green hedge,
And when the cuckoo's at an end,
Then she will begin to sing!

5. Trost im Unglueck (Comfort in sorrow)-

Hussar: "Farewell! My leave is taken!
My horse make ready in brave array.
My firm resolve's unshaken,
And forth I ride to-day!

Now let me go! End all my pain!
What folly stirs my love again.
I'll live as well without thee, without thee!
Without thee learn to live!

A glass of wine prepare then.
I'll mount and drink for all to see,
And by my beard I'll swear, then,
That I'll be true to thee. "

Maiden: "Of men the most admired
Thou think'st thyself the whole world wide.
Of all the most desired,
But thou are wrong, proud beside.

Within my father's garden
A flower blooms alone.
I'll wait, and wait no longer,
Till it is fully grown.

And now let me go! End all my pain!
What folly stirs my love again.
I'll live as well without thee.
Without thee learn to live.

Think not that I would take thee;
Such thought as that is far from me.
For sure, ashamed thou'dst make me
If I walked abroad with thee. "

6. Wo die schoenen Trompeten blasen (Where the Shining Trumpets Blow)-

Who stands without, where the pale starlight gleams,
Whose knock so softly, so softly stirs my dreams?

Thy heart's beloved calls to thee.
Oh, leave thy bed and come to me.
For must I wait uncherished here?
I see the morning light appear.
The stars grow faint across the sky.
Waken, beloved, still I cry.
Awake, my heart's own beloved!

The maiden arose and went to him,
She raised the latch and let him in.

Then welcome, welcome, love so dear,
And end thy weary vigil.
She gave to him her hand so pale.
Far distant sang the nightingale
And she for sorrow wept to hear.

6. (cont.)

Ah love, be silent, do not weep.
I'll come again my troth to keep.
I'll come my faithful love to tell;
None other do I love so well.
The earth shall not divide us.

Yet I must ride to join the wars,
In distant lands, on unknown shores.
And there, where the shining trumpets are blowing,
There lies my bed, my bed of green grass growing.

7. Das irdische Leben (Life on Earth)-

"Mother, my mother, O hear my cry.
Give me bread, or I shall die. "
"Wait awhile, wait awhile, and sleep, my dear.
We'll go reaping when morning is here. "

But when the corn was garnered and reaped,
Bitterly the child still wept:

"Mother, my mother, O hear my cry,
Give me bread or I shall die. "

"Wait awhile, wait awhile, till morning's dawn,
Then we'll go and thresh the corn. "

But when they threshed the gathered grain,
Still the child cried out again:

"Mother, my mother, O hear my cry.
Give me bread or I shall die. "

"Wait awhile, wait awhile, my dearest one.
Soon the baking will be done. "

But when at last she brought the bread,
Still and silent, the child lay dead.

8. Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt (St. Anthony and the Fishes)-

Man's still uncovered, and church is deserted,
So Anthony preaches instead to the fishes,
And swift they come swimming, in sunshine a-gleaming.

The carp in their dozens bring brothers and cousins;
With wide mouths a-glisten, they all start to listen.
No sermon so pleasant they heard till the present.

The pike among others, who fight all their brothers
Come tumbling and turning to hear so much learning.
The cod, high and mighty, who think the rest flighty
And hate interference, put in an appearance.
No sermon so pleasant they heard till the present.

But when it is finished, their zeal is diminished
The pike fall to preying, the eels to their playing;
They listened with pleasure, forgetting at leisure.

The crabs still go backward, the cod's fat and awkward,
The carp's still a glutton, and sermon's forgotten, forgotten.
For all his endeavour, they're sinful as ever,
They're sinful as ever, as ever!

9. Urlight (Primeval Light)-

Oh rose so red!
In Man is a nameless need,
And bitter his bond of pain!
The golden gateway of Heav'n I would gain!

A pathway both broad and fair I found.
But came an angel forth
To lead me aside then.
Ah no, I would not turn aside then.

My soul is of God and to God would return,
And loving God, most loving God,
A light for guidance lending,
Will lead my steps again to perfect bliss unending.

III

TROIS CHANSONS DE BILITIS ----- Debussy

Debussy, though by no means primarily a composer of songs, had strong affinities with poetry and with the written word generally; he was the most literate of musicians. He practised in his settings of French poets extreme fidelity not only to the mood and atmosphere of the poem, but also to its own cadences. Debussy's vocal line follows the inflections of the spoken text as though ruled by it, yet in some strange way transcends it as well. The TROIS CHANSONS DE BILITIS (1897) are written to icily delicate prose poems by Pierre Louys. Debussy's Grecian frieze of a setting captures to perfection the pseudo-classical simplicity of the texts.

1. LA FLUTE DE PAN (The Flute of Pan)

On this day of Hyacinthus,
He has given me a pipe made of well-cut reeds,
Joined together with the white wax
That is as sweet as honey on my lips.
He teaches me to play, while I sit on his knees;
But I tremble just a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
That I can hardly hear him.
We have nothing to say,
So close are we to each other;
But our songs want to harmonize,
And gradually our lips
Are united on the flute.
It is late;
Here is the chant of the green frogs
That begins with the night.
My mother will never believe
That I stayed out so long
In search of my lost belt.

2. LA CHEVELURE (THE TRESSES)

He told me: "Last night I dreamed
I had your tresses around my neck.
I wove your locks like a dark chain
Around my neck and on my breast.
I caressed them and they were my own;
And we were thus forever united,
By the same tresses, lips upon lips,
As two laurels often have but one root,
And gradually, it seemed to me,
So much were our limbs entwined,
That I became you,
Or that you entered into me, like my dream."
When he had finished,
He gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,
And he looked at me with a glance so tender
That I cast down my eyes and trembled.

3. LE TOMBEAU DES NAIDES (THE TOME OF THE NAIADS)

I wandered along the frost-covered woods;
My hair, blowing before my mouth,
Was adorned with tiny icicles,
And my sandals were heavy
with soiled clods of snow.
He asked me: "What are you looking for?"
"I follow the trace of the Satyr,
His little hoofprints alternate
Like holes in a white coat."
He told me: "The Satyrs are dead,
The Satyrs and also the Nymphs.
In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this.
The footprint which you see is that of a buck.
But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb."
And with the iron of his hatchet he broke through the ice
Of the spring where the Naiads once had laughed.
He took large frozen pieces,
And, holding them toward the pale sky,
He peered through them.

IV

CHARLES EDWARD IVES was born in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1874; for most of his career he was a "Sunday" composer, pursuing an active career as an insurance executive. Ives's major works, mostly written before 1920, are astonishingly prophetic of more recent developments in harmony, rhythm, and tonality, but perhaps their most distinctive quality is in the way they capture the rugged, homely, and ebullient personality of American life. Ives died in New York, a few months before his eightieth birthday, in 1954.

EVENING (1921) (From Milton's PARADISE LOST) The theme of lost innocence prevades this nocturne, with its rich Bergian whole-tone chords.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray had in her sober livery
all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for the beast and bird
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests were slunk, but the
wakeful nightingale;
She all night long, all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence is pleased...

ON THE COUNTER (1920) - Concerning this song Ives wrote: "in the writer's opinion this is a good illustration of the type of song, the fewer of which are composed, published, sold or sung, the better it is for the progress of music generally. It is asked that it not be sung, at least in public, or given to students, except as an example of what not to sing."

Tunes we heard in "ninety two", soft and sweet,
always ending "I love you"
- phrases nice and neat,
The same old chords, the same old time, the same old
sentimental sound,
Shades of in new songs abound.

THE SIDE SHOW (1921) - A circus piece to words by the composer, with the piano playing the role of an uneven merry-go-round. Towards the end Ives quotes the 5/4 Scherzo from Tchaikowsky's PATHETIQUE SYMPHONY.

"Is that Mister Riley, who keeps the hotel?" is the tune
that accompanied the trotting track bell;
An old horse unsound, tuns the merry-go-round,
making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance,
Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

BERCEUSE - A simple lullaby dating from the year 1900 when the composer was 26.

O'er the mountain towards the west, as the children go to rest,
Faintly comes a sound, a song of nature hovers round,
'Tis the beauty of the night; Sleep thee well till morning light.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL - A simple setting of Ives's own words, in the tradition of such 19th-century American carols as "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Little Star of Bethlehem! Do we see Thee now?
Do we see Thee shining o'er the tall trees?
Little Child of Bethlehem! Do we hear Thee in our hearts?
Hear the Angels singing: Peace on earth good will to men!
Noel!

O'er the cradle of a King, Hear the Angels sing:
In Excelsis Gloria, Gloria!
From His Father's home on high, Lo! for us He came to die;
Hear the Angels sing: Venite adoremus Dominum.

MEMORIES - A. - Very Pleasant
B. - Rather Sad

We're sitting in the opera house, the opera house, the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise with wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay, and well we may, "O Jimmy, look! "I say,
"The band is tuning up and soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum, beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house, the opera house, the opera house;
awaiting for the curtain to rise with wonders for our eyes,
a feeling of expectancy, a certain kind of ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy, expectancy and ecstasy.
Sh.... Curtain!

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn, it shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down to the barn or to the town,
A humming.